to honour. We read of armies, great and small, whose cavalry and cannon have clattered and rumbled through all history, and the great war captains loom larger in every imagination, but we have little thought of the doctors following after, doing what they could to ease or salvage the bodies torn by "the dogs of war". What do we reck of the surgeons who went in the trains of Gustavus Adolphus, of Tilly, of Alva or of the Prince of Orange? Yet they were of the brave. As Henry Cavanagh, a civilian who went out from Lucknow, disguised as a native, to mingle with the enemy at that famous siege, was known as "the bravest of the brave when all men were heroes", so doctors often qualify for a like title. The men who have spent years searching for, and contending with, the germs that work devastation, including some who have vicariously sacrificed themselves in such work, have been heroes, though not heroic in pose.

Of that ilk, of less colour, but forming the very fabric of the profession, are the men we have all known, who lived quietly in communities until they became institutions therein, the local doctors, covering in many cases large stretches of territory, living lives of little interest except as their work gave them interest. Travelling on horseback or in swaying buggy, through heavy weather and on heavy roads to humble home and outlying farmstead, they led lives of wearying days and disturbed nights, dealing with all varieties of physical ills, and after years of anxious vigil and broken rest, died like Nicanor of old, in harness, to sleep in some village churchyard the sleep that "not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world could give."

## Men and Books

### WILLIAM DUNLOP*

1792 – 1848

BY COL. F. S. L. FORD, C.M.G., R.C.A.M.C.,

M.D. No. 2,

*Toronto*

"Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die."
"A nice unparticular man."

I have been asked to tell you something about Dr. William Dunlop, the subject of the fine portrait in oils which is being so kindly presented to the Academy of Medicine by Mrs. J. M. Mussen.

Before beginning my brief sketch of Dr. Dunlop, may I say that this presentation tonight is the culmination of a series of incidents extending over quite a long period. Some ten years ago, being at Niagara Camp for the annual training of the militia, I was struck by the relative pretentiousness of the museum of local antiquities, and was fortunate in making the acquaintance of the creator and curator, Miss Janet Carnochan. This lady kindly made possible a personally conducted tour of the museum, and by her illuminating comments added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Among the treasures of the place, she pointed with pride to a portrait, hung high on the wall, and, I must say, more or less concealed by an accumulation of the dust of many camps, for the drill-ground adjoins the museum, and soldiers have been hereabouts for nigh unto two hundred years. Standing in front of it, and gazing with eyes undimmed by her three score years and ten, she said, "There is the picture of the doctor who attended the wounded from the battle of Lundy's Lane, in Butler's Barracks, some of the buildings of which you may see if you will look out of the window. This is the portrait of 'Tiger' Dunlop."

Now some years ago, while at Goderich, Ont., a friend had driven me across the Maitland River to Gairbraid, the one-time home of Doctor Dunlop and his brother, Robert Graham Dunlop, to see the spot that these remarkable men selected for their home in the wilderness, when, after years of faithful service to their King in many lands, they said to Scotland, "My native land, good night". Here upon the brow of a hill that slopes to the shining river, and that gives upon one of the most beautiful prospects to be seen anywhere, the brothers were buried, and to judge by the deep worn foot-path up the steep hillside, many still make pilgrimage to the place of the cairn. So it was that I was much impressed at the sight of the portrait, and, upon inquiry, found that it had been loaned to the museum by Mrs. Mussen, in whose family it has remained for many years. The name of the painter is not known, but it is extremely unlikely that it was painted in this country.

In attempting to sketch the life of Doctor Dunlop, in the presence of one who is really his biographer, one must feel a certain amount of trepidation. Those of you who have not read "In the Days of the Canada Company", published in 1896 in this city, still have before you the "pleasures of hope" that you may sometime travel the Huron Tract in company with the

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authors of this charming work. We have with us to-night one of the gifted ladies to whose pens we and all Britishers are deeply indebted. I hope that Miss Lizars will tell us something of how she and her sister came to write this epic of the forest, and lake and stream. There is comfort in the knowledge that any inaccuracies of statement on my part will here and now be corrected, and will not be transmitted for the confusion of future generations, for her book contains the most complete, the most sympathetic and the most authentic biography of "The Tiger" that has seen the printed page.

How often it happens that men are remembered more by some phrase they have made, or some catchword they have invented, than by their more substantial achievements. There come to mind the words of the late President Wilson, "Too proud to fight"; Mr. Asquith's "Wait and see"; Von Bethmann-Hollweg's "A scrap of paper." These phrases and words are handed down through the years, and we forget all the other things these men said or did, and remember only the trivial. We have a notable example of this in the case of the late Sir William Osler, whose joke was too subtle for the average citizen, and what he meant to be a jest was taken in earnest. So it is with the subject of this sketch. He made a most remarkable last will and testament it is true. But he also did many and greater things. Of course no sketch of Dr. Dunlop would be complete which did not include reference to this document or even its publication in full. The lesson to be drawn, however, seems to be that the man who could write such a will was no ordinary person, but one who had strong convictions and was not afraid to express them, even posthumously.

One day John Haldane and his son walked over to Gairbraid for a friendly call. The Doctor had just finished writing his will, which he read to them, seated at the big mahogany table, the "Twelve Apostles" being present.

"In the name of God. Amen.

"I, William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the Township of Colborne, County and District of Huron, Western Canada, Esquire, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual (which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times), do make this my last Will and Testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former Wills:

"I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other landed property I may die possessed of, to my sisters Helen Boyle Story and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop; the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she henpecks. The latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she like to be, for she is an old maid, and not market-rife. And also, I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm; provided always, that the enclosure round my brother's grave be reserved, and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole.

"I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share of the household furniture and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned.

"I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old John himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege—however, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him; he can only make temperance horn spoons of that.

"I leave my sister Jenny my Bible, the property formerly of my great-great-grandmother, Bethia Hamilton, of Woodhall; and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another guise Christian than she is.

"I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him.

"I leave my brother Alan my big silver snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a swag belly and a jolly face.

"I leave Parson Chevasse (Magg's husband), the snuff-box I got from the Sarnia Militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken.

I leave John Caddle a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife.

"I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a Jungley Wallah, that he may learn to read with them.

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid and pious, and therefore will necessarily take to horning. And also my Granma's snuff mull, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.

"I do hereby constitute and appoint John Dunlop, Esquire, of Gairbraid; Alexander Dunlop, Esquire, Advocate, Edinburgh; Alan C. Dunlop, Esquire, and William Chalk, of Tuckersmith; William Stewart and William Gooding, Esquires, of Goderich, to be the executors of this my last Will and Testament.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the thirty-first day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

"*W. Dunlop* (*L.S.*)

"The above instrument of one sheet was, at the date thereof, declared to us by the Testator, William Dunlop, Esquire, to be his last Will and Testament, and he then acknowledged to each of us that he had subscribed the same, and we at his request signed our names hereunto as attesting witnesses.

"*James Clouting,*
"*Patrick McNaughton,* (*L.S.*)
"*Elizabeth Stewart.*

His guests were amused, but the elder Haldane was a trifle shocked.

"Doctor, are you not wrong to treat so sacred a subject in that way? I consider that it will invalidate the will".

"That is serious." The Doctor drove the unwieldly Peter nearer Mr. Haldane. "I shall enclose it to my friend Colonel Prince, and if he concurs with you I shall alter it."

Colonel Prince wrote on the document in answer: "I have perused the above Will. It is eccentric, but it is not in that sense illegal or informal. To a mind who knows the mind of the testator it will remain a relict of his perfect indifference (an indifference to be commended, in my opinion), to what is called Fashion, even in testamentary matters. I conceive it to be a just and proper Will, and no

person can question its legality in point of form or substance." As he further said, it bore evident marks of authenticity, and it was needless to change it. However, in 1845, with Colonel Prince as his personal adviser and one of the witnesses, Dunlop thought fit to make a codicil embracing a few minor changes.

The third son of Alexander Dunlop, laird of Keppock, William Dunlop, was born in Greenock in 1792. His family was a prominent one in the community. He was descended through his great-great-great-grandmothers from Robert the Bruce. His uncles and great-uncles were professors in the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, his great-great-grandmother being sister to Principal Carstares, of the former seat of learning, who was the adviser in chief to William of Orange, and hence nicknamed "The Cardinal." His father, Alexander Dunlop of Keppock, was born in 1766, and became a banker in Greenock. He was twice married, first to Janet, daughter of Robert Graham of Gairbraid, and afterwards to Margaret daughter of William Calquhoun of Edinburgh. By his first wife he had three sons and one daughter.

John, who was known as the Temperance Reformer; Robert, a captain in the Royal Navy; William, called "The Tiger;" Janet who died unmarried. By his second marriage he had four sons and five daughters. There were, therefore, six brothers and six sisters of the subject of our sketch, of whom nine were of the "step" degree of relationship.

It is said that the second wife did not make a kind stepmother. Anyhow, Robert, the second boy, ran away from home, as did William, the third son, later. For years nothing was heard of Robert, until news came that he was a post-captain in the Royal Navy, which he joined as a cabin boy. His life was full of adventures and peril. He was in ninety-two engagements, and wounded three times, twice severely; a musket-ball in the knee caused a permanent disability; a bayonet thrust in the hand crippled that member; while a cannon-ball, passing between his uplifted arm and his side, fractured three ribs. He was a dapper little man, kindly and urbane, devoted to his pipe and his book, and fond of the fireside, longing to enjoy a slippered ease, "and that serene which men call age." He was deeply attached to his big brother William, an affection warmly returned by the younger man, which continued even unto death. Nor did the grim reaper disperse his sheaves, for the brothers lie side by side under the cairn at Gairbraid.

Such were the forbears of William, the Tiger, destined in his own right to a goodly share of the family fame, and to exemplify his own quotation:—

> "Cœlum, non animum, mutant,
> Qui trans mare currunt".
>
> The sky, not mind, they change,
> Who o'er the ocean range.

He who was born and reared beneath grey Scottish skies, who sped convivial nights, oblivious of London fogs, was to prove climatic conditions as diversified as those of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand."

> Impelled by fate, he forayed far afield,
> With Faith and Works emblazoned on his shield.

With such an ancestry, it is not hard to imagine that his education was well looked after, and we are not surprised to find that in January 1813 he was appointed Hospital Mate, and in the following month Assistant Surgeon to the 89th Regiment. That his education was not restricted to medicine may be affirmed with some degree of assurance, for all through his life he continued to be a writer of graceful English, and, when occasion demanded, could be most forceful and direct. His descriptive writing has great charm when employed in relating his experiences by flood and field; and his various reports, while in the service of the Canada Company, are models of clear and convincing English.

To account for this literary bent, one must consider the period of English literature which synchronized with his birth and early life. The age of satire had passed, and that of sense and sensibility had faded into the romantic revival, which may be said to have begun about 1780, and continued for fifty odd years. It was the age of Wordsworth and Burns, of Scott and Shelley; of Coleridge, and Byron and Keats. In the field of criticism and the essay the shining names of the period are Coleridge, Lamb, De Quincey, Wm. Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt. The great critical reviews, The Edinburgh, The Quarterly, Fraser's, and Blackwood's, came into being early in this period. Dunlop's youth corresponds with this fertile period of English letters, which influenced him profoundly, as the events of his life show.

The end of March, 1813, found him at the Depot in the Isle of Wight, awaiting orders to join his regiment, which was in Canada, engaged in "Mr. Madison's War" then being waged between Britain and the United States. He says that he visited the Officers' Mess at Parkhurst Barracks but once during his stay on the Isle of Wight, "and saw, among other novelties of a mess table, one officer shy a leg of mutton at another's head, from one end of the table to the other. This we took as notice to quit."

Early in the August following, he sailed for Canada, in an ill-found, crowded transport, and spent over three months on the ocean, en route to the scenes of his future labours and adventures. He arrived at Quebec at the beginning of November, after a most tedious and tempestuous voyage, and, with his venerable Colonel, Donald McBean, having reported to the General Officer Commanding, set sail in a schooner bound for Montreal. Their progress was so slow that they landed below Three Rivers in the hope of catching a steamboat at that place. They missed the boat however, and proceeded by land to Montreal,

terminating the journey by the stage coaches maintained by the Government of the day.

Arriving at Montreal, they found that the Americans under General Wilkinson were coming down the river in the hope of making a junction with the American forces descending the Richelieu River. The militia of Lower Canada was being mobilized, and Colonel McBean, on account of his wide military experience, was appointed to command a large brigade of militia. Naturally, he selected for his Principal Medical Officer the Assistant Surgeon, who had crossed the Atlantic with him.

The brigade was concentrated at Lachine and Colonel McBean and Dunlop arrived there a few days before the impending battle. On the 11th of November, Colonel Morrison, of the 89th Regiment, with about eight hundred men, gave battle to and defeated the Americans at the battle of Chrysler's Farm. The enemy crossed the river seven miles above Cornwall, and encamped on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, where they remained for the winter. Thus Dunlop's tenure of appointment as Principal Medical Officer came to an abrupt end.

The militia at Lachine being sent home, and the marines and sailors to Kingston, he proceeded to march up the river with the troops bound for Fort Wellington. The roads were almost impassable, so they marched in the fields, climbing the farm fences, and making the best of their way by land, or occasionally for a few miles by boat. He was not sorry, therefore, when ordered to remain near the scene of the late battle, to look after the wounded. After a few weeks he was able to send them to the Montreal General Hospital. Relieved of his charges, he proceeded to join his regiment at Fort Wellington, near Prescott. The village then had but five houses, three of which were unfinished. As it was necessary to keep small bodies of troops at points along the frontier, to form a rallying point, in case of invasion, for the militia and Indians, the Grenadier Company of the 89th was ordered to a block-house in the woods near Gananoque, where he and the junior subaltern were billeted in a disused forge, one room of which was occupied by a tailor whose rags and clippings were excellent caulking for the chinks between the logs. With a roaring fire, and a table well supplied with game of all kinds, to say nothing of the potables so much in evidence at that period, they were not only able to make themselves most comfortable, but prove admirable hosts to friends who paid them frequent visits.

"We passed the remainder of the winter as officers are obliged to do in country quarters. We shot, we lounged, we walked and did all the flirtation that the neighbourhood of a mill, a shop, a tavern, with two farm houses within a reasonable afternoon's walk, could afford. We were deprived, however, of the luxury of spitting over a bridge, which Dr. Johnston says is the principal amusement of officers in country quarters, for though we had a bridge close at hand, the stream beneath was frozen." Early in the spring, he rejoined his regiment and was quartered with two companies in the then insignificant village of Cornwall, which at that time did not contain twenty houses. He relates an amusing incident which occurred during his stay at Cornwall, in which a visitor, introducing himself as Major —, of Vermont State, sold a drove of cattle to the colonel of the 89th, and after he had been paid, said, among other things, "They do say that it is wrong to supply an enemy, and I think so too; but I don't call that man my enemy who buys what I have to sell, and gives a genteel price for it. We have worse enemies than you Britishers."

While in Cornwall, Dunlop was quartered at the village inn; a log house presided over by an Irish widow, named Peggy Bruce, whose late husband, a Scotch sergeant, had left her the business, which she continued in a manner most acceptable to her patrons. "The sign was a long board, decorated by a formidable likeness of St. Andrew at one end, and St. Patrick at the other, and the whole surrounded by a splendid wreath of thistles and shamrocks." The account of his adventures, excursions, and alarms, while the guest at this hostelry is well worth reading.

Towards the end of June his regiment left Cornwall for Niagara, but Dunlop remained behind, awaiting a relief. When this arrived, he marched to Kingston with a detachment of the Canadian Fencibles. From Kingston he started for York (Toronto) by boat, but, after proceeding twelve miles against a head wind, he landed, and with another officer rode to York, some days doing seventy-five miles. This was accomplished by telling the various post-houses that they were officers of high degree and had to have the best horses in the stables.

At sunset on Sunday, July 26th, 1813, they embarked on a gun-brig, the same probably which had as a passenger the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Gordon Drummond, and reached Niagara on the morning of the 25th. The Battle of Lundy's Lane was in progress. Large numbers of wounded were brought down the river road in wagons, and Dunlop attended them in Butler's Barracks. A little later he was moved up the river to Chippewa and operated what we today would call a casualty clearing station. After a short time, he was sent to Fort Erie as medical officer. The assault on this fort on the 15th August was one of the bloodiest and most futile battles of the whole war. Lieut.-Colonel Drummond, of the 104th, and Lieut.-Col. H Scott of the 103rd, were killed. Three months before, the 89th went into battle five hundred strong; it came out of the assault reduced to sixty, with one captain and two lieutenants and the medical officer, Dr. Dunlop. The number of British dead left on the field was 222, while 174 wounded, and 186 unwounded prisoners remained in the hands of the enemy. The Americans lost 17 killed, 56 wounded and 11 taken prisoners, a

total of 84 men. The total British loss was 905 men. One reason for this disastrous result was the order given to the troops before the assault to remove the flints from their muskets, to prevent an alarm being given by a premature shot. Says Dunlop, "In the British Army one would suppose that the only use of a musket was understood to be that it could carry a bayonet at the end of it."

He gives an interesting account of the Soc, or Sac, Indians, whose chief, Mautass, bore such a strong resemblance to George III that even the tribe called the head on the half penny "Mautass." It was here too, that he merited, by his gallantry, the Victoria Cross, had such a decoration existed; for he carried out of the firing line, on his back, "like sacks of potatoes," ten or a dozen wounded men, the last of whom received, en route, a bullet in the back, which else had ended the doctor's career, as it did that of the recipient. He also brought, slung over his shoulders, six wooden canteens of wine, with which he refreshed his patients. The young giant of twenty-two, was medical officer, stretcher-bearer, and orderly, all in one.

We may pause here to give a description of Dunlop's appearance in 1814 on the Niagara Frontier. "He was at that time a young man who appeared to have outgrown his clothes; at least the sleeves of his coat reached but a short distance below his elbows, and his trousers did not nearly reach his ankles. He was careless, if not slovenly, in his dress, and he seldom applied a razor to his chin. His paw was almost Herculean, and his movements and gait were awkward and ungainly." The writer goes on to say, "Those who enjoyed the friendship of this warm-hearted man had frequent opportunities of knowing his kind and feeling disposition, for there never was a finer jewel, though roughly set, than Dunlop. His cheerful and undaunted spirit formed him for an efficient leader of British emigration."

Nineteen years later, 1833, *Fraser's Magazine* has this to say of him:—"This remarkable biped, who is now in London for a few weeks to worry Goderich and Howich about some beastly proceedings of our degraded government, stands six feet three inches—and measures two feet eight across the shoulders: in the graphic language of Rimini Unt:—

"Lightsomely drops in his lordly back;"

the calf is just twenty inches in circumference—*ex pede Herculem;* the paw would have startled Ali Pacha; the fur is of the genuine Caledonian redness and roughness; and the hide, from long exposure to Eurus and Boreas, has acquired such a firmness of texture, that he shaves with a brickbat. As he sails again for Galtopolis in the course of a few weeks, we earnestly recommend to Lord Egremont the propriety of placing the next cargo of "respectable female emigrants from Sussex," under his protection. "Farewell, noble savage, wild as thy woods. When shall we again revel in the rich luxuriance of thy anecdotes—or shake under the Titanic bray of thy laughter?"

Late in the autumn, he removed his wounded from Niagara to York, and used the only church in the place for a hospital. This church had been saved from destruction by the Americans through the remonstrances of the rector, the Reverend John Strachan. In December, 1814 the Government proposed to build a large warship on the upper lakes to combat the American naval forces in those waters. Penetanguishene, about thirty miles from Lake Simcoe, was chosen as the site for the new dockyard. The expedition was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Francis Cockburn, of the Canadian Fencibles, and with one company and about the same number of militia, proceeded up Yonge Street to Lake Simcoe. When they arrived at the lake, the ice was not strong enough to bear them, so they waited two days, at the end of which time Doctor Dunlop skated over the lake to try the ice, a distance of twelve miles. The next day they all crossed, in spite of the fact that the ice had broken up into large cakes during the night. Nothing daunted, they tied themselves together with ropes, and, although many of them fell into the icy waters, they were pulled out by their comrades, and all reached the other shore, after six hours of arduous and dangerous travel. Once on shore, a big fire of logs was lighted, and the camp cooks prepared a savoury dinner, which, with the inevitable issue of rum, sent them to their spruce boughs weary and content.

One afternoon, the Doctor, with his dog, left camp to explore the country ahead of them. He got lost in the woods, and tramped for hours, until he realized he would have to wait until daylight to see his tracks. He trod a deep trench in the snow, and taking off his snowshoes, he poured a quantity of rum into his moccasins, pulled down his fur cap, drew on his fur gloves, put his hands over his face, and hauled the dog in on top of all. Possibly all of the rum had not gone into the moccasins, for he slept soundly until the sun was an hour high. His feet were frozen, and hands frost-bitten. He shuffled back to camp, unable to tie on his snowshoes. He was treated by two old French-Canadian woodmen with poultices of beech leaves, and after three weeks recovered. The poor dog did not fare so well, for in the words of Goldsmith,

"The man recovered from the bite,
The dog it was that died."

Although it was the dead of winter, the work was carried on to a successful issue, and early in March they had nearly reached their objective, when, in Dunlop's words, the "appalling intelligence" arrived that peace had been declared, which meant the prospect of half pay. The regiment marched down the river to Quebec, sailing for the old country, and Dunlop with his comrades were on the ocean that June day on which was fought the battle of Waterloo. He never ceased to regret his absence from the great fight.

After eighteen months in England, spent to his "own great satisfaction," he was placed on

half-pay, but not for long, as he was shortly afterwards ordered to join his regiment in India, where he remained until 1820, where, on account of his health, which was much impaired by what was then called jungle fever, he returned home. Not all of his stay in India was spent with his regiment, for he was placed on half pay on January 25th, 1817, and for the remainder of his time in India, he was engaged in journalism. He wrote articles for various magazines supporting the policy of the East India Company, when it came under the adverse criticism of James Silk Buckingham, the proprietor of the Calcutta Journal. Buckingham's newspaper was suppressed, and he himself was expelled from India, but subsequently received a pension of £200 per year from the Company as compensation. He afterwards sat in parliament for Sheffield.

It was during his residence in India, that Dunlop got the nickname of "Tiger," not from any resemblance in appearance or temperament to the "king of cats," as one writer puts it, but in much the same way as the sobriquet of "Buffalo Bill" came to William J. Cody. The latter got his nickname from killing so many buffaloes to supply American navvies. Dunlop got his nickname from his exploit in clearing the island of Saugar, in the Ganges, of a number of man-eating tigers. It is said that on at least two occasions he quelled this ferocious beast, when at close quarters, by emptying his snuff-box into the face of the intruder. Returning to Britain in 1820, he relates that, at the Cape of Good Hope, where he remained a few days, he met a brother of Lieut.-Col. Drummond, who fell at Fort Erie in 1814. Since that time, Dunlop had worn a string of wampum, which had been a gift to Drummond from the Indians. Upon learning that the officer was a brother, he took off the beads and presented them to him. He settled in Edinburgh, and gave lectures at the University on medical jurisprudence, and wrote sketches of life in the Orient for several magazines, including Blackwood's, it is said, under the pen name of "Colin Ballantyne, R.N.," which he had used in India; but I have been unable to verify this from the files of Blackwood's Magazine.

He departed from Edinburgh, some say tormented by the fires of jealous affection, or at least the pangs of despised love, and went to London, where he edited the British Press Newspaper, which did not last long. An edition of Beck's "Medical Jurisprudence" next engaged his attention, together with the publication of a Sunday newspaper, but he tired of the latter, and at the end of the year became connected with certain joint stock companies in the capacity of secretary or director. He had nothing to do with the promotion of these ""wild cats," and made nothing out of them except his salary, for as a contemporary says, "Tiger is an honest fellow—a strictly honest fellow in every sense of the word." It was during this period that he formed a social club called the "Pig and Whistle," where he and his friends were wont to burn the midnight candle.

The years 1820-25 were marked in Britain by the promotion of all sorts of companies for the exploitation of all sorts of natural resources, and may we add, all sorts and conditions of men. Just why this phase of human nature should obtrude itself at the conclusion of wars is an interesting question, which, for the purpose of this sketch, must remain unanswered. Most of the companies promoted during those years passed into oblivion in a very short time, with most disastrous consequences. The Canada Company, however, was a brilliant exception to the rule. Organized with a capital of £1,000,000, and getting its charter in August 1826, it played an important part in the settlement of the counties of Huron, Perth, Waterloo, and adjoining communities, and, though with abated head, exists even until this day.

John Galt, the friend of Scott, was appointed Superintendent of the Company, the promoters of which, for some years prior to the granting of the Charter, had been negotiating with the governments of Britain and of Upper Canada for the purchase of 1,300,000 acres of Crown Reserve lands, and 800,000 of Clergy Reserve lands in that province. The price fixed by the Commissioners appointed to appraise the lands was three shillings and six pence per acre. As the sale of the Clergy Reserves was successfully opposed by the Reverend John Strachan and his associates, 1,100,000 acres of land in the western part of the province, known as the "Huron Tract," were exchanged for them, on the same terms. A vast area in one block thus passed under the control of the Canada Company, and proved to be the most valuable of all their holdings.

Galt's career is one of great interest. Born in Ayrshire in 1779, he was trained for business, first in the Customs, and then in mercantile life. When five and twenty years of age, he went to London, and engaged in business for himself, but after three years he went into bankruptcy. He then decided to study law, and entered Lincoln's Inn, but, in 1809, ill health necessitated a long sea-trip, which he took to the Mediterranean, where he met Byron, of whom he afterwards wrote a "Life."

The disruption of trade caused by the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon had created a great demand in Europe for British goods, and smuggling was a highly lucrative, if hazardous, undertaking. While on the Mediterranean voyage Galt conceived the idea of "bootlegging" goods into Europe, by way of the Balkan backdoor, at which began the madness of 1914, and through which, in 1918, slow-pacing Peace entered the devastated European household. "After negotiations with Glasgow, an arrangement was concluded, and, under Galt's direction, a pioneer train of forty-five camels started from Salonica, laden with two hundred bales of British goods, which reached Widdin on the Danube in safety."

In 1813 he married Elizabeth Tilloch, and, giving up both law and commerce, turned to

literature as a means of making a living. Some of his work is first-rate, and will endure. He was a voluminous writer, but his literary productions were "in divers tones" and of unequal merit, due in part to his indifferent health, particularly after he returned to England in 1829. He became interested in Canada through acting for the Canadian claimants for losses suffered in the war of 1812, and visited Canada in August, 1824, as one of the five Commissioners, to value the lands which the Canada Company proposed to buy. His son, Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, became a prominent figure in Canada, and was one of the Fathers of Confederation.

In coming to Canada as the Superintendent of the Canada Company, Galt chose Dunlop as his right hand man, probably on account of the latter's former experience in Canada; his selection, no doubt, being influenced, also, by the Tiger's social and literary attainments. They arrived in York (Toronto) on the 12th day of December, 1826, by way of New York and Buffalo. Soon after their arrival they proceeded to Quebec, where the Earl of Dalhousie held court as Governor. Their object was to press the claims of those who had suffered losses in the War of 1812, and to register the Company's Charter. After a gay season at the ancient capital, they returned to York by sleigh, arriving cold and hungry at the hotel. No food or drink being forthcoming, their servant was sent out to forage, and returned with two frozen herring, some biscuits, and two bottles of champagne, one of which survived the feast, to reappear later at a most unexpected time and place.

On the 19th day of March, 1827, a letter, written at York, instructed Dunlop, whose official designation was "Warden of the Forests," to "proceed to the proposed scite of the city of Guelph, which scite you will carefully and diligently examine and should it appear to you that it is inconvenient or ineligible you will make a tour of the Guelph block for the purpose of selecting one better adapted, for the offices and public building of the Company." Although the copy of this letter, if it be not the original, is unsigned, there can be no doubt that it was written by Galt, or at his dictation, and that the directions contained therein were followed out by Dunlop; for on St. George's Day—April 23rd, 1827—Galt, accompanied by Dunlop and Mr. Prior, and attended by two woodsmen, walked eighteen miles through the forest and founded the city of Guelph. The long tramp was lengthened by the party getting lost in the woods. It came on to rain and they were all soaked to the skin. "By this time the sun had set, and Dr. Dunlop, with his characteristic drollery, having doffed his wet garb, and dressed himself in Indian fashion in blankets, we proceeded with Mr. Prior, attended by two woodsmen and their axes." A maple tree was felled with considerable ceremony, Galt striking the first blow with the axe. Dr. Dunlop and Mr. Prior each then struck a blow and the woodsmen completed the felling of the forest giant. Galt says, "To me at least the moment was impressive—the silence of the woods, that echoed to the sound, was as the sigh of the solemn genius of the wilderness departing forever." He goes on to say that "after the tree fell there was a funereal pause....; it was, however, of short duration, for the Doctor pulled a flask of whiskey from his bosom, and we drank prosperity to the City of Guelph." It may be said in passing that this was not the last time that the Doctor, in similar fashion "saved the situation." They then returned to York.

As soon as Yonge Street was passable, Galt and his party, unaccompanied by Dunlop, proceeded to Lake Simcoe, and thence to Penetanguishene by way of the road opened in the winter of 1814-15, as previously related. The party sailed around Cabot Head, and down Lake Huron in a small British gunboat, examining the shore as they passed, until on the afternoon of the following day they "met a canoe having on board a strange combination of Indians, velveteens, and whiskers, and discovered within the roots of the red hair, the living features of the Doctor." He piloted them into the harbour of what is now Goderich, and they dined sumptuously in the log cottage of their host, where they passed the night. History does not record the various comestibles with which the good Doctor regaled his distinguished guests, but it does relate that he produced a bottle of champagne, the mate to the one which figured on the occasion of the midnight refection already described.

The years that followed were filled with days and nights spent tramping the woods; building roads and bridges; clearing the land; writing articles for magazines, including the Canadian Literary Magazine of York, and the Literary Garland of Montreal; the publication of his "Statistical Sketches of Upper Canada," his "Defence of the Canada Company" (1836); his occupancy, with his brother, of the estate he had taken up in Colborne across the river from Goderich; his unrealized plan for a town or village upon it, of which an accurate, and unique plan was drawn up; the marriage of his brother Robert to the housekeeper, Louisa McColl, the result of a flip of a double-headed penny; the building of Gairbraid House, with its mahogany table, heavy chairs, and last but not least the celebrated liquor traveller, with the Twelve Apostles; the trips to York and Toronto; the founding of the Toronto Literary Club and Mechanics' Institute; the ambitious scheme for a Natural History Museum, with zoological and botanical gardens, for which land near the Barracks was set aside, Mr. Fothergill and Dr. Rees being his associates; his interest in the founding of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church at the corner of Adelaide and Church Streets; his visits to England in the interest of the Company; these, and a hundred other activities, fill up the eventful years and bring us up to the year of the rebellion of 1837.

During this period, many changes had taken

place within the organization of the Canada Company. In 1829, John Galt had been relieved of his appointment. He considered himself much wronged by his dismissal, and his later years were embittered by the sense of injustice which he felt as a result of the action of the Company. One can but guess as to his qualifications for such an important mercantile appointment. He was a writer of note, the friend of poets, of novelists and of the most brilliant literary critics of the day; he had some training in business, and in law; but from what I can learn, he had had little experience as an organizer and administrator. Anyhow, he failed to please his absentee directors, and Thomas Mercer Jones reigned in his stead. In fairness to Galt, it must be said, that his recommendation to the Directors were often disregarded, and that others reaped where he had sown. He and his Warden of the Forests were largely responsible for the increase in population of Upper Canada, during the years 1826 to 1830, of over fifty thousand souls.

With a break or two, Dunlop continued with the Company for some years. Mention may be made here of the home which he created for himself and the Captain. The tract selected by the brothers was perhaps one of the most picturesque in the country. At the point on the right bank where the Maitland River turns to the west, to enter the lake some mile or two further down, the high road strikes due north, running roughly parallel to the shore of the lake. On the west side of this road, on the high bank of the river, the Tiger was granted 440 acres; while on the east, directly opposite, his brother, Captain Robert Graham Dunlop was allotted 410 acres, the two parcels forming a demesne of nearly two square miles, which they named Gairbraid, in honour of their mother's home in Scotland. The prospect from Gairbraid was most impressive. To the south, a long reach up the river presented a striking vista of wildwood and stream, while the turn in its course to the west permitted the eye to follow it between wooded hills until lost in the illimitable blue of Huron. Changed as is the landscape today, one cannot look upon it unmoved. Here the brothers built their house which was to be the nerve-centre of many public activities, and the scene of many social gatherings, and open-handed hospitality; and here for them was to be "Journey's End."

The cutting of the road, twelve feet wide, from what is now Stratford to Goderich, was probably the greatest factor in opening the country, giving access to Ancaster, Hamilton, York and points east. Until this road was built, everything and everybody entered the tract from Goderich.

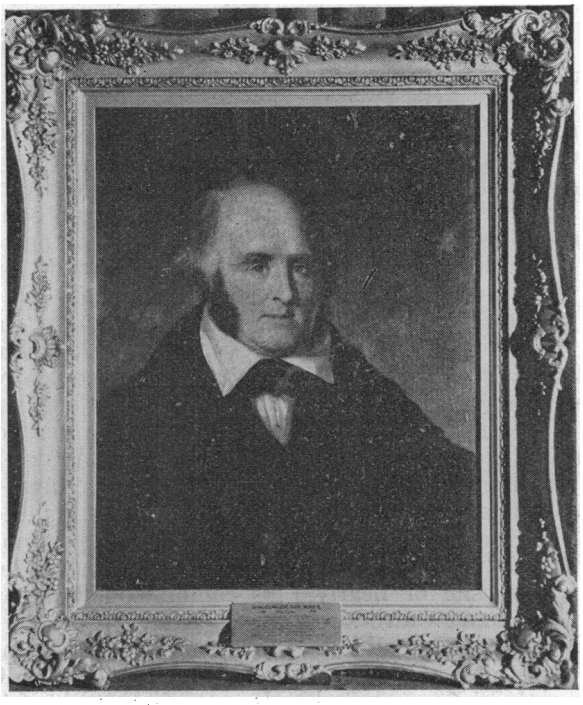
The year 1837 saw the rebellion in Upper and Lower Canada. Few persons nowadays realize what hardships and losses the people suffered as a result of this ill-advised action on the part of men who despairing of attaining their ends by constitutional means appealed to arms. There can be no doubt that both in Upper and Lower Canada, complete independence and separation from the mother country was the objective of the insurgent leaders and their associates. The same abuses, which existed in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were abolished by constitutional means, without bloodshed or hangings.

When the call to arms came, Dunlop was asked to raise a regiment of volunteers, which he promptly did, with the backing or enlistment of nearly every man of military age in the Tract. Huron was loyal, and "The Tiger" was the man to lead these sturdy pioneers and their sons. The Doctor was appointed to the command of the 1st Huron Regiment, and again put on the uniform of his Soverign. It may be noted here that he had maintained his connection with the army until 1828, when, for having left England without permission, when he came to Canada with Galt in 1826, he was struck off the half-pay list of the British Army. The regiment was organized into a defence force on the St. Clair frontier, and, while they saw no actual fighting, suffered a good deal during the winter of '37-'38 from poor food and bad billets—or sometimes no billets at all. Sickness was rife, and there was little provision made for taking care of the sick, "The hearty, cheery spirit of Dunlop, who doubled the rations, was better than medicine, or even than his liberal allowance of grog. When they moped he would order them out for a march, leading them in his homespun checkered dress and Tan O'Shanter, closely followed by the Fords ('Sons of Anak', because they were all six feet six), the Youngs, the Annands and other stalwart township pioneers." In addition to the hardships endured, no pay was forthcoming. Things got so bad at last that Dunlop resigned his commission, but continued his fight for his men. After weeks of protesting, negotiating, browbeating and what not, the money was placed in the Bank of Upper Canada at Amherstburg. Here Dunlop and his friends waited for five days before the money could be got out of the bank. The long journey by the lake shore to Goderich was begun, and after days of hard tramping through slush and snow, and some days spent on the lake in a dugout canoe, the money arrived at Goderich and the men were paid off, and returned to their neglected farms and destitute families. Dunlop's address to his gallant Hurons is preserved in print and is a masterpiece. It is too long to introduce here, but may be read in the "Humours of '37", by the Misses Lizars.

The first election in Huron was held in 1836 and resulted in the election of Captain Robert Dunlop, who was re-elected in the following year. He served until his death in 1841, and was succeeded by his brother, the doctor. During the latter's short parliamentary career he was very popular, both on account of his congenial nature and eccentricities, and the entertaining character of his speeches. Forceful, if not eloquent, he always filled the House when he spoke. During the session the question of levying new taxes was under discussion, when one of the members, who was a bit of a wag, interrupted Dunlop with the

question, "Would the honourable member advocate placing a tax on bachelors, as such?" "Certainly," retorted the doctor, "I believe all luxuries should be taxed." In 1846 he resigned his seat in parliament, upon accepting the appointment of Superintendent of the Lachine Canal. Whether or not in accepting this post, he realized that his strenuous days were behind him, we have no means of knowing. In less than two years, the strong man was laid low. He sent for Lou, the widow of his late brother, who came at once and tenderly cared for him through the long summer. Near the spot where he had received his first military appointment in Canada, thirty-five years before, on the 29th day of July, 1848, at Cote St. Paul, he joined the innumerable caravan, and Huron and Gairbraid knew him no more forever.

He had always said he wanted to be laid beside his brother, and his sister-in-law carried out his wish with the same degree of faithful devotion she had always shown the brothers. The heat of a Canadian summer made it imperative that the remains be interred at Hamilton. The following January, however, saw Lou and two men, with a team of good horses and a sleigh, back in Hamilton; the long journey homeward was taken; and the wanderer at last rested with his own people.



WILLIAM DUNLOP ESQ., M.R.C.S.
1792 1848
"THE TIGER"
ASSISTANT SURGEON 89TH REGIMENT
LOWER CANADA, NIAGARA FRONTIER, 1813-14; INDIA, 1815-20
LECTURER IN MEDICAL JURISPRUDENCE, UNIV. OF EDINBURGH
WARDEN OF THE FORESTS, CANADA COMPANY
LIEUT.-COLONEL 1ST HURON REGIMENT, 1837
COMMISSIONER OF THE PEACE, LONDON DISTRICT, 1838
M.P.P. FOR HURON, PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, 1841-45
LITTERATEUR, COLONIZER, PATRIOT.
PRESENTED BY MRS. J. M. MUSSEN.

William Dunlop, as has been noted, was a man of gigantic stature. He had a shock of red hair, much thinned at the top as he got older; kindly blue eyes that shone with humour; a well shaped mouth, small for so large a man; high forehead and firm chin, with mid-mental cleft, or what in the female would be called a dimple; thick side-whiskers, or more properly "sideburns," which extended below the angle of the jaw. In early life, his clothes were ill-fitting, perhaps because they had been made for a smaller man; later he hay have improved, and his picture in "Maclise's Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters" shows a well dressed, handsome man; but it is recorded that Lou, his sister-in-law, was always much exercised over his disregard for the niceties of dress, and did her best to keep him decently clad, and "respectable" in his outward appearance. In Canada he nearly always wore the native homespun and Scotch bonnet.

At the time of his death three portraits of the doctor are known to have existed. There was the well known engraving in Maclise's "Gallery of Illustrious Literary Characters;" a handsome miniature on ivory made when he was apparently about thirty-five years of age; and the large portrait in oils which has been presented to the Academy. The first is an exceedingly fine sample of line engraving, so popular at the period, and has been reproduced many times. The miniature was an exquisite bit of painting, and was much admired in its day, as no doubt it would be in this, had it survived; but an energetic house-maid, thinking to brighten it up, scrubbed it with soap and water. When she had finished, nothing was left but the ivory. There is a halftone reproduction of this miniature in the Misses Lizars's book.

Kind-hearted and generous to the point of unthrift, a convivial, not to say extravagant liver, like all men of his time, drinking more than was good for him, but doing it as the genial host or as a welcome guest; witty and fond of ruthless practical jokes; a biting tongue and pen upon occasion; religious to the extent of having a deep respect for the church of his fathers, and of *living* his religion by deeds, not words; unselfish and honest; tender in all his dealings with children, women and the infirm; such was this son of the heather whose career I have attempted to sketch. Devoted to his King, and no less so to his neighbour, if worthy, he helped many to affluence, and died without wealth himself. Deservedly popular in the community in which they lived, both he and his brother continued to represent Huron in parliament until the death of the one, and the resignation of the other. To merit and to receive the confidence and respect of those with whom one lives on the intimate

terms of neighbour is high tribute to the worth of any man or woman; and these the Captain and the Doctor continued to hold to the end of their days. If I have frequently referred to his convivial habits, I did so in order that this man may be shown to have been a man among the men of his day. Like Robert Burns and the majority of the men of the period, and later, he was a drinker, but no drunkard. That these men drank more than was good for them, no one now doubts. It was the custom, and custom is at the back of many of our laws. Their limitations, if they be limitations, serve but to throw incense upon their altar, and provoke a brighter flame. They were heroic in type, and the present age could use men of the same stripe and fibre. Such men sent Britain's drum-beat echoing around the world; such men are needed today to sound for us the reveillé. Far from the sunset glories of Huron, in the capital of the misty land of his birth, a noble bronze, in a nobler shrine, perpetuates the memory of another of his race, whose requiem might well be added to the epitaph at Gairbraid.

"Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie,
Glad did I live, and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me,
Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

# Association Notes

## THE VANCOUVER MEETING JUNE 22-26, 1931

The Sixty-second Annual Meeting of the Canadian Medical Association was held in Vancouver on June 22nd and successive days. Notwithstanding some forebodings arising out of the present depressing financial situation and the fear that distance also would prove a deterrent, the meeting was an unqualified success. It had been hoped, somewhat wildly, it was thought by some, that there might be an attendance of 400. Actually, more than 500 doctors registered, and 260 ladies. This was highly gratifying to the President, Dr. Monro, and the Local Committee, and, indeed, to all members of the Association. It speaks well, also, for the efficiency and devotion to their task of all those in charge of the arrangements that everything passed off harmoniously and without a hitch. The thanks of the membership of the Association as a whole are due to the Vancouver brethren for their splendid work and genial courtesy, and will be heartily accorded. Only the Weather Man was unpropitious, but it took more than a little rain to dampen the ardour of the visitors and their hosts. We would have preferred fine weather, but we had a good time as it was.

A full report of the business transacted, with relevant discussion, will appear in the September issue of the *Journal*. Suffice it for the present to touch upon the "high spots" of the convention. The Executive Committee and the Council met on June 22nd and 23rd, and dealt with a large docket of business in a business-like way, and without waste of time. Among several subjects of great importance two or three stand out preeminently. These are certain phases of Medical Economics, such as Health and Maternity Insurance, and Charity Practice, referred to in Dr. J. H. MacDermot's report; A Basis of Approval for Internship of Hospitals in Canada; the Post-Graduate Courses; and an attempt at better interprovincial relations, as outlined by Dr. J. S. McEachern.

We are glad to be able to state that the Council went on record "as recommending that the Canadian Medical Association take steps to form, in connection with its committees on Economics and Public Health, a strong and carefully selected study-group which shall consider the question of Health Insurance, and shall examine into all voluntary and compulsory schemes, and be prepared to submit constructive proposals to the Association." At a later meeting of the Executive this matter was referred to the Chairmen of the Committees on Public Health and Economics, requesting them to submit names to form a study group, according to the idea expressed in the resolution.

Dr. G. Harvey Agnew, of the Department of Hospital Service of the Association, reported that the "Basis of Approval for Internship of Hospitals in Canada" has been completed, printed, and distributed to the various hospitals in Canada. We learn that this "Basis" has been received with general approval, and that a subcommittee has been appointed to appraise the Canadian hospitals accordingly.

The Post-graduate Tours came in for commendation from all parts of Canada and the general opinion is that they are of the greatest value in bringing the latest advances in Medicine to those who, otherwise, would find it difficult, if not impossible, to learn of them in a practical way. Gratitude was everywhere expressed to the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada for its generosity in making these post-graduate courses possible.

Dr. J. S. McEachern, in his report on Interprovincial Relations, felt that not enough was being done to strengthen the relations that exist between the various provinces in matters medical, and between the Provincial Associations and the National Association. His views commanded serious attention, and he was asked to state them in form and present them to a later meeting of the Executive for action. All will hope that the relations between the provinces may in time be made stronger, so that a fuller measure of concerted action on important matters may be thereby made possible.

The general sessions began on the 24th, and the Convention was formally opened by an evening meeting, at which the Premier of British